THE PACIFIC

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Theological

LOVE OF GOD.

"Thou Grace Divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea,
Wherein at last our souls shall fall,
O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy steeps we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong!"

THE PACIFIC

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CREMATION.

The decision of the San Francisco board of supervisors to demand the removal of all the bodies of the dead in the old cemeteries within a period of six months ought to turn people everywhere to an earnest consideration of the practice of cremation. The Pacific has favored it for many years and believes that it must in the great centers of population become very soon the almost exclusive practice. The cemeteries in San Francisco which people have not been allowed to make use of for years despite the fact that many of the plats therein have room for interments, contain about ninety thousand bodies. If these are buried elsewhere it is not probable that they will be allowed to remain in the new place of interment more than two or three decades. The massing of population in the San Francisco bay region will necessitate ere long another change, and doubtless within the century yet other changes, until at last what is left of the bodies will be mingled indiscriminately with mother earth.

It is to be hoped that all who have laid away the bodies of friends and loved ones in those cemetereies will earnestly consider the desirablenss of cremating them instead of interring them elsewhere. We hope also that this demand will result in turning people rapidly to the practice of cremation, which is becoming every year more increasingly popular.

Disposal of the bodies of the dead by burning was practiced in very early times. In ancient Greece it was the custom generally, and it was the rule in Rome down to the fourth century after Christ. Gradually that idea of a bodily resurrection which prevailed in the early years of Christianity abolished it. The same idea has operated against its introduction in modern times. During the early discussion of the question in England in the last century when such objections were made, Lord Shaftsbury swept them away when he asked, "What would in such case become of the blessed martyrs?"

Today the inclination is, in general, to interpret strictly the words of the Apostle Paul that"flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God." The body is thought of as the house which a man occupies for a while, out of which he goes into another and larger life. The Scripture doctrine is that there is a celestial body for the celestial life, as there is a terrestrial body for the terrestrial life; and science seems to prohibit belief in the resurrection of the earthly body. Our loved ones are not out in the cemeteries under the grass and flowers. There is nothing immortal there, the immortal part has gone on into one of the many other mansions in God's wide universe, and awaits there for its perfection naught of the body it has left behind.

If some one argues that the Bible teaches that the celestial bodies are to be in some proper sense the outgrowth or transformation of the very bodies that have rested in the grave, and are to be given after a time of general resurrection, this, let it be remarked, can be realized as well from the ashes after cremation as from the few handsful of dust—all that is left in many a grave after a period of years.

There are today those who believe that the redemption of Christ is declared in the Scriptures to include the body as well as the soul; that the indwelling of the Holy Spirit has put such honor upon the frail mortal tenement which he has made his temple, that God will not permit even this to perish, but will raise it up at a last great day. They believe that the Scripture seems to indicate a certain physical connection between the celestial and the terrestrial body, and that so long as this physical connection is maintained it is not necessary to suppose that even a particle that belonged to the old body exists in the new. But this connection, if such there be, could spring from the ashes, after cremation, as well as from the dust of the tomb. No longer, therefore, on religious grounds, should there be objection to cremation. The process by which the body is resolved into its original elements is the same whether in the earth or in the furnace. The one is slow; the other is rapid. Sir Henry Thompson, one of London's best known physicians, and president of the Cremation Society of England, stated a few years ago: "The body must be resolved into carbonic acid, water and ammonia; and into mineral constituents, more or less oxidized, elements of the earth's structure: lime, phosphorus, iron, sulphur, magnesia, etc. The first group, gaseous in form, goes into the atmosphere. The second group, ponderous in form, remains where the body lies until dissolved and washed into the earth by rain."

Gases from decomposition have been detected rising to the surface through many feet of superincumbent earth. The authorities differ as to the deleterious effects therefrom in general. But without question there have been many instances in which serious illness has been traceable thereto.

The Japanese claim that cremation as at present practiced in civilized countries had its origin in their country many years ago. However it was not until 1871 that special crematories were used there. Before that time the coffin which contained the body was placed on stones surrounded by inflammable material. After crematories were erected the practice of incineration increased rapidly, and of late a large percentage of the bodies of persons dying in the centers of population have been cremated. In 1898 44 per cent of the persons dying in Tokio were cremated.

The movement toward cremation began in the United States in 1873, in the city of New York. The matter was discussed at different meetings; but no action was taken in that city looking to the erection of a crematorium until 1881, and none was in operation there till 1885. The first

in the United States was erected by Dr. LeMoyne of Washington, Pennsylvania, primarily for the incineration of his own body, when it should be needed, but who permitted its use for others in 1876.

The first cremation in the West was in 1877. Dr. Charles H. Winslow of Salt Lake City, who died that year, left instructions in his will that his body be cremated. Local engineers accordingly constructed a furnace which was used on that occasion only. If Utah has a crematory it has been very recently constructed. The first in San Francsco dates from 1893. Los Angeles, 1887; Pasadena, 1895; Chicago, 1893; Boston, 1893; Oakland, California, 1902.

At the present time there are nine crematories on the Pacific Coast: One in San Francisco (the Odd Fellows no longer being in use) two in Los Angeles, two in Oakland; one in each of the following named cities: Pasadena, Sacramento, Portland and Seattle. Latest reports show that the nearest crematory to those in the Pacific Coast states is one in Denver.

In 1890 there were 372 cremations in the United States. In 1900 the number was 2,389. In 1908 it was 3,462. Nearly one-third of the number for 1908 was in San Francisco, the figures being 1,104. The number in New York that year was 723. The number of crematories in operation in the United States at that time was 25.

The crematory in Oakland, operated by the Oakland Cremation Association, first used in June 1902, had 312 incinerations in 1903, and 931 in 1911.

Since the closing of the Odd Fellows crematory in San Francisco a few months ago, a city ordinance requiring its removal from the city limits, cremations have decreased in San Francisco. The number at Cypress Lawn from September 1st, 1911, to September, 1912, was 983. The number in the Odd Fellows' during 1911 was 845.

A few years ago a clergyman, much against his inclination, was prevailed on to accompany the body of a friend to a crematorium. Afterward he wrote: "As we turned away from the incinerator where we had left the body of our friend, it was pleasant to think of him still resting in its rosy light, surrounded by what seemed to us as floods of purity. It was grateful, too, to feel that whatever might remain after a few brief hours of purifying work would be, as he would wish it, clean and white, and like his own pure self, without offense to thought or memory. The earthly parts which might be driven off by heat, and in that sense made spiritual, would have their home with sunlight in the upper air; and altogether every thought and feeling which the scene evoked, so far from being painful, as I feared they would be, were engaging and winsome—if one may use such words of such a scene. After all that I have seen, I must say that my feelings are completely changed, and that the process of incineration is so much more attractive than anything which I had ever conceived, that I would much rather see the body of my dearest friend cremated than buried."

In the process of incineration no flame touches the body. The active and consuming agent is air heated to two thousand degrees, or more, Fahrenheit, and nothing remains but a fed pounds of clean, white ashes which (as before remarked), if God should ever want for any future union of body and spirit, he can resurrect as well from its resting place in a beautiful urn as from the earth.

Cremation makes it possible to dispose of the bodies of loved ones in a much more satisfactory manner than burial in the earth: That which remains can be transported readily anywhere. And if one does not care to have the receptacle containing the ashes in a columbarium there are many other ways in which it can be cared for. We know of a few who without any morbidness have kept the urns in their homes and have enwreathed them with flowers. There are those who think that the proper disposal of the ashes is not to keep them in an urn in columbarium, or cemetery, or home, but to let them mingle at once with mother earth by placing them in the flower garden where they will help to give life to that part of God's beauteous creation, and these mortal bodies thus be made to live again in other visible forms.

A Pacific Coast doctor of divinity, a man of wide influence here for many years, said to the present writer not long ago that he inclined to the latter method of disposal of the ashes after cremation.

Out of those beautiful creations God can gather any principle or particle of that earthly body which he may ever at any time want for any celestial use in connection with the spirit which inhabits it on this earthly plane. But to this reverent soul life again in plant and flower is all the immortality desirable for the body.

Pleasanter far the thought of a body, purified in the rosy light and heat of the incinerator, giving itself to thus give life to plant and flower, rather than slowly resolving into its original elements deep down in the dark earth! In the latter case it is serviceable in no way, in any instance. but disease-giving and detrimental in many an instance.

We are not to be disembodied spirits in that other life, but are to have a glorious and satisfactory embodiment of some kind, suited to the sphere in which we shall there dwell.

But we do not need the particles of our present bodies over there in order to be personally the same. Physiologists tell us that we do not have a single bodily element which we had a few years ago, that not an atom of any body is the same. Always changing, yet ever the same, the body has been compared to a ripple around a submerged stone. The watery atoms are in a constant flux; the ripple forever remains; "like Tennyson's brook, it goes on forever around that which gives it form." The material particles do not constitute the sameness. From the day of birth to the day of death there is constant change—all the time the body is dying. And

> "Each death is but a birth, a change—
> Each soul, through myriad by-ways strange,
> Through birth and death doth upward range."

A man's life consists not in what he possesses, but in what he becomes.

How many are in the inn near where Christ is born, yet they know nothing of the glory.—G.H. Morrison.

We all have our secret sins; and if we knew ourselves, we should not judge each other harshly.—George Eliot.

> "They come to haunt me in the night,
> The fair words I have left unsaid,
> The little kindnesses I might
> Have done for people who are dead,
> The moments when I might have shown
> A patience that I thrust away—
> They haunt me when I sit alone
> And count my profits of the day."

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The Trade Commissioner of New South Wales, who has been investigating resources here, is of opinion that California is destined to become one of the great manufacturing centers of the world. He says for one thing that California should be turning into cloth the fine wool grown in New South Wales.

The international interdenominational theological conference, which was held this year on the Chautauqua grounds on Puget Sound, will be held in Victoria, British Columbia, next year. One hundred ministers from Washington, Oregon, and British Columbia. and two from California were in attendance this year.

"If I were twenty years younger I would stay right here in Seattle," said a former governor of Pennsylvania the other day. He regards Washington as a land of golden opportunity. A St. Louis man, who visited Seattle, recently remarked, "Seattle will become one of the greatest cities of the world. You could not prevent it if you wanted to."

English Baptists have come into San Francisco Congregationalism with considerable force. Dr. Aked of the First Congregational Church, the Rev. George Laughton of Mission Church, and the Rev. Robert Walker of the Green Street Church, were formerly English Baptists. And there is room for many more—for all who are such as these three are.

A pastor in Glasgow, Scotland, visited the Pacific Northwest recently who has a unique method of following up the persons who leave his church until they unite with some other. He corresponds with them until they have taken membership elsewhere, and once every three years he takes a vacation of three months and seeks at that time to come in touch again with as many as possible. Knowing that there were twenty families in or near Vancouver, British Columbia and several in Seattle who had been members of his church in Glasgow, he wrote to them telling them when he would preach in those cities, and he saw every one of them during the few days he was in those cities. He says that 99 per cent of the people who have to come to this continent from his church in Scotland are useful members of churches here.

In the capitol building at Helena, Montana, is to be seen a painting of the parting between Lewis and Clark, pioneers of the Northwest, and the Flathead Indians which laid the ground for peace between that tribe and the white settlers who came afterward. The background shows the towering peaks of the Bitter Root Range as seen near the continental divide. Mountains and clouds partake of the sunset glow. In the middle distance is an Indian encampment among the trees, with its campfires and squaws preparing the evening meal. In the immediate foreground is a group of Indian warriors, clad in buckskin, carrying flint-pointed lances and mounted on wild-eyed cayuses. Several young bucks are spreading blankets on the ground for the conference. The medicine man sits on the ground with the peace pipe in his hand. Sacajawea, the squaw who has led the explorers thither, is seated at one side with her pappoose on her back. York, a negro servant, and the explorers' party are in the background. In the right foreground Lewis and Clark are talking with the head chief of the tribe.

Thomas Prosch, a Washington pioneer, is of opinion that no one is a pioneer who has not lived in that state fifty years. Others may be old inhabitants, but not pioneers. "But a person not a pioneer now will not be one if he should live here 100 years. He would be an old inhabitant." Referring to the early settlement of the Pacific Northwest, Mr. Prosch says: "Clark county had its beginning at Vancouver in 1824, and has been a growing, developing community ever since—88 years. Eastern Washington has been occupied by white men an unbroken period of 101 years. Before the missionaries came 76 years ago, there were fixed settlements of men engaged in fur trading, farming and milling in five or six of our present counties. Following the missionaries came the American settlers, traders in ships, soldiers, gold seekers and others. Those who stayed were pioneers, of course, and so also many more who were here not much later making the beginnings essential to commerce and civilization—the merchants, road makers, school teachers, church builders, and the like, including those who fought in the Indian wars of 1848 and 1855. When you get through with these people, women as well as men, the real pioneers are few in number, and the application of the designation to them is due to exceptional causes." Believing that the pioneers are a class by themselves that they have a distinction which they alone are privileged to enjoy, Mr. Prosch declares that this distinction is weakened by every extension or easing of membership, and that there ought to be no opening wider of the door.

In a recent Sunday evening address on "What the Welfare Exhibit Means," the Rev. Willard B. Thorp of the First Congregationalist Church of San Diego said that one of the principles for which the welfare movement stands is that a business does not exist simply to make profits for its owners, but also to provide a decent living for its force of workers. "They do not live to work, they work to live: and to live means something more than simply to eat and sleep. A man who takes the entire working time of any person incurs a responsibility for the effect of it upon the life of that person. Business men have not always recognized this, but they are going to be made to feel it more and more. They will find that the members of their family, their customers and all who visit their establishments will be more interested in the problem of employes than in anything else. They will want to know the wages they are getting and the conditions under which they do their work. Business men who want to have a good reputation will make it a matter of pride to tell how well they are doing by their help, and they will point to the happy faces of their working force as one of their best advertisements. Unthinking business men will sometimes assert that the welfare movement is playing into the hands of the Socialists and the labor unions. But a little reflection will show that precisely the opposite is the case. The revolutionary Socialist does not want to see the welfare movement succeed. He wants to see it fail because of the obstinacy of employers, and then he will have an additional argument for his revolution. And as for the labor unionist, he is only waiting to see the welfare movement blocked by the stupidity of the business man, and then he will proceed to organize the working girls into unions with a strong public sentiment behind him. If the business man wants to discourage the Socialists and take the arguments away from the labor organizers, the thing for him to do is to throw himself heartily into the welfare movement and take a gen-

uine interest in the happiness and prosperity of his employes. And let no business man think he will lose money by doing so. The effect will be felt at once in the efficiency and esprit de corps of his working force. Let him show them he is their friend and is doing the very best he can by them, and is glad to have them share in the prosperity of the business, and they will not be slow to contribute all in their power to that prosperity. They will be as loyal to him as he is to them, and the agitator sowing the seed of class hatred will get little hearing in that establishment. The business man who can go to his home at night feeling that he has not only made a good living for himself that day but that his employes have gone to their homes happy and contented, saving money and glad to be in his employ, may feel that he has made a genuine contribution to the good of his fellows. The people who work for him will be proud to point to him as their employer, and they will not begrudge him his automobile."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Detroit is the latest city to be stirred by the disclosure of wide-spread graft among city officials.

The recently discovered cave near Nogales, Arizona, bids fair to rival the far-famed Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

The Woman's Journal of Boston, is one of our valued exchanges. It is the official organ of the National American Woman Suffrage Association; and has long been doing valiant service in that cause.

The apple crop of the country is 35 per cent greater this year than it was last year. In the states of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Utah, Colorado and Montana the crop is 50 per cent above last year.

Oberlin Theological Seminary has sent into the foreign missionary field 149 of its 773 graduates. This is nearly one out of every five. From Princeton one out of every thirteen has gone to the foreign field.

In England and Wales the preponderance in numbers of female inhabitants over males is 1,179,276, according to recent statistics. Since 1821 the preponderance has steadily increased despite the fact that more boys are born than girls.

The New York Post is one of the cleanest and best of the daily papers of this country. It keeps at the head of its editorial page the following from the prospectus issued in its first number on the 16th of November, 1801: "The design of this paper is to diffuse among the people correct information on all interesting subjects, to inculcate just principles in religion, morals and politics; and to cultivate a taste for sound literature." The Post is a paper of small circulation. It doesn't appeal to those elements of our national life that give wide popularity.

The passing into the other life of General Booth of the Salvation Army recalls the fact that it was organized as late as 1878. It was introduced into the United States in 1880, and within ten years was established in every civilized country. The remarkable growth of the organization is attributed to the fact that General Booth "combined restraint and freedom in precisely the right proportions, sustained interest and promoted enthusiasm by giving everybody some task to do, and soothed the pride of the "soldier" by constantly reminding him that the officers also were under discipline. Presupposing the design to establish a benevolent autocracy, the structure set up by General Booth was an almost faultless creation. A push of the button, and anything or—everything—was in motion."

The Beecher Memorial Committee is arranging for the celebration next year of the 100th anniversary of Henry Ward Beecher. The committee has already entered into a contract with Gutzon Borglum, the distinguished sculptor, for the memorial statue of Henry Ward Beecher and for eight large bronzes dealing with the history of the Plymouth Church. The ground all around the church has been secured or safeguarded, and during the summer the arcade at the right of the church will be built. The plot for the Beecher Park and Memorial Building now measures 160 by 100 feet. Dr. Hillis will begin soon a series of evening sermons on the life and work of Beecher, and next May the ministers of the nation will be asked to preach on the contributions of Henry Ward Beecher to American liberty, patriotism, and theology. It is expected that the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Beecher will be interred in the little park by the church on next Memorial Day.

The Dwight L. Moody Schools at Northfield, Massachusetts, have 75 buildings. Along with the endowment they represent $5,000,000. In the attendance last year 37 different states were represented, and 34 different countries. They paid one-half their expenses. One of the speakers at Mt. Hermon this year said: "The men and women who have gone from these schools into the world, are doing everything but the dishonest thing. Although D. L. Moody was perhaps the greatest evangelist of the past century, I believe the future will know him rather as the greatest educator of that century. He himself said that his greatest monument would be the lives of men and women that his schools would reach. I believe the Northfield schools are solving four of the great educational problems of the day—the problem of education and work, for every student is taught the dignity of labor and shares in the work of the school; the problem of the Bible and education, for here education is based on the Bible, and every student studies it; the problem of true democracy, for all students are on an absolute par; and the problem of international fraternity, for students are gathered here from every part of the world."

We are glad to see an increase in the sentiment for co-operation in the business and industrial world in our country. The New York Commercial sets fourth the success of the co-operative plan in Great Britain as follows: 'In Great Britain the co-operative plan is conducted on such an enormous scale that it has come to handle more than one-third of the retail traffic in many sections of England and Scotland, city and country, and it has worked with perfect success. The business includes not only food supplies, but clothing, furniture, and even many articles of luxury. Some of these associations own great factories, and make their own goods. Indeed, it has become an enormous factor in British retail business, and its prices have regulated those of individual traders. A report a year or two ago estimated the total business done at some 50,000,000 sterling, prices to the consumer at only five per cent over wholesale cost. In this system, the original capitalization is by the users, who get about three per cent of gross profit in dividends, while two per cent is found to cover the cost of doing the business. The outside public, which does

not contribute to capital, is allowed to buy at a small additional rate to the regular price list. This in rough suggests a perfectly workable scheme tested by experience, and it ought to be as practicable in this country as in Great Britain. It is a flexible plan which can be adjusted and modified to suit particular localities. It can be done on a very small or a very large scale in urban or rural surroundings. It is so elastic that it can be introduced gradually without disturbing other business at first, but the force and influence of which would in time, as its circuit of extension grew, effect tremendous results. Successful in Great Britain, why should it not be so in America?

A SUNDAY MORNING AT KETCHIKAN.

W. N. Burr.

It was Sunday morning, July 7, of the present summer. We had arrived at Ketchikan at 3:30 that morning, and we were to be there until 10:00 o'clock. Breakfast on board the boat was at 7:30, so we had only about two hours after breakfast to see Ketchikan.

It was our first landing after leaving Seattle, except at Victoria, and according to the estimates on our printed itinerary we had sailed 715 miles since we left Seattle. Ketchikan is comparatively a new town. It is "the first town in Alaska." According to its advertising; that is, it is the first Alaskan town that is reached by the boats from "the States," and I am inclined to think from what I saw and heard that it is the first town in Southeastern Alaska in a business way. The next day I was standing on the wharf at Douglas waiting for a ferry-boat to take me over to Juneau, when I overheard a gentleman standing near say to another who was evidently a commercial traveler, "How do your sales at Juneau compare with your sales at Ketchikan?" and the reply was, "We sell three times the goods in Ketchikan that we do in Juneau." Juneau is the capital of Alaska, but Ketchikan seems to be the live, progressive, prosperous place.

Mrs. Ella Higginson, in her delightful book, "Alaska: the Great Country," packs her description of Ketchikan into one paragraph. She says:

"Ketchikan has a population of 1500 people." Mrs. Higginson was writing this some four or five years ago. The town has grown, and now claims 2500 people.) "It is the distributing point for the mines and fisheries of this section of Southeastern Alaska. It is the present port of entry, and the Customs Office adds to the dignity of the town. There is a good court-house, a saw-mill with a capacity of 25,000 feet daily, a shingle mill, salmon canneries, machine shops, a good water system, a cold storage plant, two excellent hotels, good schools and churches, a progressive newspaper, several large wharves, modern and well-stocked stores and shops, and a sufficient number of saloons. The town is lighted by electricity, and many of the buildings are heated by steam. A creditable chamber of commerce is maintained. There are seven salmon canneries in operation, which are tributary to Ketchikan. The most important one 'mild-cures' fish for the German market. There are numerous 'shipping mines' within a radius of fifty miles, which receive mails and supplies from Ketchikan. The residences are, for the most part, small, but, climbing by green terraces over the hill and some of them surrounded by flowers and neat lawns, they impart an air of picturesqueness to the town."

We found Mrs. Higginson to be a trustworthy writer as we read her descriptions of other places that from time to time we were able to investigate with some care ourselves, so we have no doubt everything she has written of Ketchikan is true. But in two hours on a Sunday morning we did not see all that she brings into her description.

The first thing I noted that morning was the beautiful day. We were in Alaska! but the sun was shining, as brightly as the sun ever shines in Alaska, I suppose, and when we went out to see the town we needed no overcoats nor wraps. The sun never seems to shine in Alaska as it does here. The Alaska sunshine is a light, easy, filmy-gray variety,—not intense and strong and active like our Southern California sunshine, but mild, quiet, subdued, like people that we sometimes meet, just simple and good! All the sunshine I saw in Alaska reminded me of some sweet-faced, gentle-mannered Quaker mother, dressed in neat and rich, but simple gray silk gowns. And this rich, simple, Quaker-like gray sunshine shines out from a gray sky that seems to be always gray, never blue, though faintly blue-tinted. In this respect, I shall always think of the Alaska that we saw as a land of rich, Quaker-gray simplicity.

As I stood for a moment on the wharf at Ketchikan that Sunday morning I felt at once that we were on something like foreign ground—at least in a portion of the world "different" from that in which we live. Many of the houses were the plainest of little frame buildings, just about alike in plan, many of them unpainted, and some of them with one end, at least, resting on piles. These houses on stilts become a familiar sight as one visits the coast towns of Alaska. And in Ketchikan, as in other Alaskan towns, one very soon comes to feel that the town is just a collection of buildings and sidewalks set on a weedy, woodsy, watery shore backed by hills. The natural vegetation is not cleared away in many of the open spaces, and one can pick wild flowers or ferns almost anywhere except at the business center of the town, and sometimes there. And not much attention is paid to grading. The walks go up or down according to the natural lay of the land, except that sometimes they too are raised on stilts. Then, too, in Ketchikan and in nearly all these towns the streets are narrow, and in the business section are paved with planks, giving the street the appearance of being "all sidewalk," as an Irishman might say.

As it was Sunday of course I was determined to go to church in Ketchikan. But our boat would be leaving at 10:00 o'clock, too early for church services; so I set out to find the church buildings and at least look at the outside of them, and get inside if I could. As I went from street to street I found groups of men standing about, and saloons all apparently wide open. But none of the stores or business houses that I saw were open except a fruit-stand or two and one or two places where post-cards were sold. The Ketchikan merchants evidently know when Sunday comes and have some respect for the day.

The first church-building that I found proved to be the Episcopal church. The door was open and I walked in. It was a little frame structure, but very comfortably furnished, indicating that somebody in Ketchikan cares for the church.

Just across the street was the Episcopal mission church for the Indians. I did not get inside that building, but a booth just outside on which fluttered the remains of recent decorations and a sign, "Ice Cream for Sale," led to the supposition that the Alaska church Indians improve their op-

portunity to sell ice cream to make a little money, just like the rest of us.

I went over to another street where I found a Catholic church and a Methodist church, almost side by side. And the Catholic church was locked, so I did not get inside, but the door of the Methodist church was not locked and I went in and sat down for a few moments and had a little service of my own. This was another small frame building, but its material equipment was neat, showing somebody's interest. The basement was being fitted up for social work.

This was all the church-going that I was able to do in Ketchikan that morning. The rest of the time I wandered about the streets to see whatever was to be seen. I stopped for a few moments at a cold storage plant to see a cargo of halibut that one vessel had brought in the day before—halibut of all sizes, some of them monsters whose weight would have to be told in three figures.

Coming back through the Indian village I saw very few of the men, possibly they were off to the fishing-grounds. But we met many of the women, and noted at once the marks of civilizing influences. They were not dirty, draggled women, but attired in clean, good, sensible clothes—much more sensible than the array of accoutrements one may see on some of our crowded city streets nowadays, worn by women who are supposed **not** to be Indians.

The influence of Protestant missionary work among the Indians is seen all through Southeastern Alaska. I shall write of this more at length in subsequent letters.

The people of Alaska are quite up with the times in many ways, if they do live remote from the great centers of today's life and activity. As I walked back to the boat that morning I noticed here and there a poster announcing: "Socialism clearly explained by Lena Morrow Lewis, National Organizer of the Socialist Party, at Redmen's Hall, Ketchikan, Tuesday, July 9, at 9:00 p. m.

Another recent poster announced "A Hi-Yi Time at Ketchikan, the first and best city in Alaska, July 4, 5, and 6, 1912. Base ball games, foot-races, etc." They are a very patriotic people up there, taking three days to celebrate "the Fourth."

One hour out from Ketchikan that morning a goodly number of the "Spokane's" passengers, gathered in the observation room of the boat, and services were conducted by Rev. Benjamin Davis, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, Santa Barbara. From the text, "Ye shall see greater things than these," he led us up face to face with the progressive movements of the day in material, industrial, social and spiritual life, and urged the higher and finer ideals that shall be bringing to society all the time greater things than ever yet have been.

La Canada, California.

CALIFORNIA WOMEN AS VOTERS.

The College Equal Suffrage League of San Francisco is aiding in the campaign for woman sucrage in other states by the distibution of a leaflet containing the following questions and answers. They will be informing doubtless to many readers of The Pacific and we give them here:

Are women interested in civic matters?

In Los Angeles, of a total registration of 175,000, there were 80,000 women registered during the first ten days after the suffrage amendment passed. All over the State women who had been indifferent or opposed to the suffrage registered as a matter of course and were among the first to organize for civic education and work.

Were women represented before they had the suffrage?

In one precinct of California which gave 139 votes against suffrage to 88 for suffrage, there were 628 women who voted, to 549 men, in the first city election after the passing of the Suffrage Amendment. In another precinct that went against suffrage (169 against to 113 for), at the city election following there were 962 votes cast by women to 834 by men. Is it not strange to insist that women were already represented by men when 169 men had voted to deny suffrage to women in a precinct where 952 women afterwards voted at the very first opportunity?

Do women vote?

Of the women who registered for the very first election in Los Angeles 95 per cent. voted. In some precincts in San Diego 100 per cent. actually voted. In local elections throughout the State the average has been about 90 per cent.

Are women contaminated by the surroundings of the polls?

Women do not have to vote in objectionable places in California. The polls are now located in tents in the open streets, in schools and churches and in other innocuous places, vide the following postal card from one newly-enfranchised citizen to another:

"Voted at sun-up in a millinery shop! Came forth unsullied, with my interest in the home undiminished and my 'womanliness' intact! What about you?"

In many precincts women served all day long at the polls as clerks of election, even those women who had formerly been anti-suffragists.

Are women neglecting their home duties in order to vote?

Precincts are small and polling places are always in one's home neighborhood, so that frequently the housewife needs only to cross the street or go round the corner, taking not more than five or ten minutes out of her busy day. The children play about the booths, and husband or neighbor cares for the baby while the mother votes.

Does the "bad woman" vote swamp the good woman vote?

The registration of "bad women" in California has amounted to practically nothing; for instance, in one city precinct frequented by such women, there were but two women's names registered. In none of such precincts in the same city were there more than ten women registered, all of whom may have been respectable wives of workingmen who lived in those districts.

Is woman's "influence" better than her vote?

In San Francisco the Inspector of Buildings says that now he can say to the builders, when they violate the law about air, light and space, "There is one organization of voters (the San Francisco Civic Center, 220 Post street), numbering over a thousand public-spirited women, who are going to see whether you violate the law. A dozen of these women are out measuring up your new tenements, and if you don't put up the right sort of buildings you will have all these voters to reckon with."

In California there is now a comparatively free leisure class able to look into the enforcement of the law. Pressure is put upon every city official to see that he does his work better. Officials are waked up to a sense of duty by fearless and watchful public opinion and are giving better service since women have voted.

Do men treat women with less respect?

PACIFIC

Since the granting of suffrage to women, the men of California, in the minor courtesies of life, are no less chivalrous than they were before, while in public life woman's advice is found to be valuable, and it is imposislbe to overestimate the added dignity and respect with which she is now regarded. Many men who had opposed woman's suffrage, after the recent elections honestly stated their mistake and said: "We are heartily ashamed that we voted against woman's enfranchisement, for we find women as keen of judgment and as thoroughly alive to public interests as any man."

At a special session of the State Legislature, called immediately after the Suffrage Amendment was carried, a law not asked for or lobbied for by any woman, was passed exempting all voters from giving their ages at registration, because it was feared some women would hesitate to do so.

Do women make intelligent citizens?

All over the State, irrespective of occupation, color or race, the "new voters" (1) have organized clubs for the study of public questions, (2) have introduced civic sections into existing clubs, (3) and have transformed hitherto moribund or aimless associations into live centers for civic study.

The Northern California branch of the College Equal Suffrage League alone has organized 23 such centers with a membership of nearly 3000. There are several other State leagues for civic study as well as many smaller local associations and informal unattached clubs. "Study and service" is the motto of the California Civic League. Normal classes have been formed to train teachers for the education of civic workers, and study lists and bulletins have been sent broadcast, on Registration, on Voting, on Primary Election Laws and on other subjects of particular interest to women.

A PLEA FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

Leslie B. Briggs.

I am an enthusiastic advocate of the union of the Bay and the San Francisco Associations. The men who are on the real fighting line are the men in San Francisco. The men on the other side of the Bay do not understand what it is to fight unless they have lived in San Francisco. We need the union of the two associations, for we need the fellowship of the men who have their heads far enough above the smoke to see some blue sky.

I will not leave this as a mere assertion but will give some statistics that will show where the fight is going on and who needs the encouragement. Recently I had occasion to classify the members of my church into four classes. The first class I called excellent, and meant by it those who are regular in attendance at church service as far as possible and are willing to take some work in the church and carry it of their own accord. The second class I called good, and meant those who attend church but who will let small things keep them away; and those who will undertake a work in the church but before they get through with it make it necessary for some one else to carry both them and the work they have undertaken. The third class I called indifferent, and meant by it those who had taken the vows of the church, declaring that they would seek its purity, unity, and increase, but who now apologize for church membership when with non-church people and who look at you and laugh when you declare that society demands that the Sabbath day shall be a holy day and not a holiday. The fourth class I call bad, and mean by it those who are consciously and wilfully doing things that they believe to be immoral. By a careful and I believe fair estimate I found the following true of our membership, of those living in the city: Excellent 38 per cent, good 17 per cent, indifferent 43 per cent, bad 2 per cent.

This appalling percentage, 43 per cent, of indifferent, led me to make a study of the causes. Was it the preaching, the lax attitude of the minister, an easy road into the church, lack of work for the members after they joined the church, or was the difficulty elsewhere. The findings are entirely too extensive to print in this article, but I will submit three instances that illustrate the moral atmosphere of San Francisco and leave the reader to reach his own conclusoins. About one year ago there was a movement on foot to get the voters of San Francisco to declare for certain "dry" sections of the city. While the petition was being circulated, the Anti-Saloon League reported that policemen followed those circulating the petitions, bluffed some of the workers into handing over the petition with the signatures, copied the names of those who signed; and later those who had signed and were in any way dependent upon the good will of the public for success in their business were threatened with destruction to their business unless they withdrew their signatures from the petition. That killed the petition. Another characteristic thing was a dedication of a city reservoir, which later proved to be tainted with graft, at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning when all the churches were holding their services. Nor was that all, for the mayor of the city who at one time was a Sunday-school teacher, and I understand is now a church member, gave the dignity of his office and of his person to the occasion. The third instance is that of a boy and girl between the ages of 16 and 19 who joined our church upon confession of faith and when they did so gave every evidence of sincerity, but in less than six months from the time they had joined they had lost all interest in the church. Investigation showed that the brother and sister, with whom they lived and who had been good Methodists in the east, never attended church but always spent Sunday hunting, fishing or doing something of the kind. And that brother and sister who were the guardians, instead of encouraging them in their church life, persuaded them to leave the church services and share their Sunday recreations. This boy and girl not only had their own home against them in the matter, but as near as I could find, every negibhor within the block where they lived was the same as their guardians and every associate with whom they worked was of the same turn of mind.

Now in addition to the above illustrations, I wish to show some figures that go far toward telling the relative struggle of the San Francisco churches and the churches in Alameda, Oakland and Berkeley that are in the Congregational fellowship. The statistics are based upon the survey of "The Men and Religion Forward Movement," the findings of Rev. E. L. Parsons of Berkeley, the police department of the four cities and the Congregational Year Books of 1909, 1910 and 1911.

San Francisco has 416,000 people, 18,000 Protestant church members, 6000 men Protestant church members. It has 2080 saloons and 9000 men employed in the liquor business. That means that 4 1-3 per cent of the population belongs to the Protestant church; 6000 men are members

of the Protestant church over against 9000 men engaged in the liquor business.

Oakland has 150,174 people, 14,500 Protestant church members, 4800 men members of the Protestant churches. It has 399 saloons and 1150 men employed in the liquor business. That means 9.28 per cent of the population belongs to the Protestant churches; 4,800 men are members of Protestant churches over against 1,150 men engaged in the liquor business.

Alameda has 23,383 people, 2,500 Protestant church members, 830 men members of the Protestant churches. It has 19 saloons and 50 men employed in the liquor business. That means that 10.07 per cent of the people are Protestant church members; 830 men are members of the Protestant churches over against 50 men employed in the liquor business.

Berkeley has 40,434 people, 6,800 church members. It has no saloons. That means that 16.8 per cent of the population is Protestant in church affiliation and there are no saloons to fight.

The above figures at once show where the battle is thickest. But the figures that follow tell more and I let them speak for themselves. According to the Congregational year books for the years 1909-1910-1911 the average for the three years is as follows:

San Francisco has 1,807 Congregationalists. Each year the Congregational churches of San Francisco receive 136 on confession of faith. Thus in San Francisco it takes 17 Congregationalists to get one person on confession of faith. In the three trans-Bay cities there are 4,871 Congregational church members. The Congregational churches of those cities receive a total of 200 members on confession of faith. Thus it takes 24 Congregational church members in the trans-Bay cities to get one member on confession of faith.

I began this article by saying that the churches of San Francisco need organic association union with the churches of the trans-Bay section. I close by saying that figures show the San Francisco environment to be one so heavy with smoke that it is hard to see the sky, while the environment on the other side of the Bay is far better. Figures show that the real fight seems to be being made in San Francisco. Will the trans-Bay churches longer stand on technicalities and travel in evasive circles or will they hear the appeal of the San Francisco churches to unite the Associations in an organic unity which will make the trans-Bay churches responsible to pay in a small way for all the members received by letter from the S. F. churches?

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

Panamenos of Olden Time.

To tell all I have seen of the people of the lower stories would be to fill a volume. I will give some fragments.

Till a child can run about alone he is lugged about astride his mother's hip, or left to cry himself asleep while the mother is out gossiping. After that time he takes care of himself and finds life with pigs goats and hens, and with them picking up for food what the gutters supply. But as children multiply the little girls are forced to become baby bearers. I have often seen naked girls five or six years old lugging around other children half their size. They dare not rebel for fear of cruel blows.

They are hardly ever washed except on saints' days. Then they are soaped till covered with lather, and then seated in batees (large wooden bowls), water is poured over them till their black skins shine like a polished shoe. They do not rebel at this usage for after it their naked bodies are decked with any bits of finery the mothers may chance to own in which they strut about like a turkey cock. If it be on a rainy day, instead of putting them in the bateas, the mother sets them in a row under the eaves of the building and lets the clouds do the washing, and the babies like this better.

As to moral training they get none whatever, but nearly all are made to memorize a few prayers to Mary or some saint. I was sitting in a tienda kept by a light colored young woman who had no husband, when her little naked child, just wakened, ran out from an inner room, knelt by the mother's knee, put up his little clasped hands, and lisped his "Ave Maria." I was touched and said to myself, "Oh, that he knew Jesus instead of Mary."

These children get two meals a day, sometimes. They need no calling when the San Cocke is cooked. This is a kind of pottage or stew, made with a fragment of meat, fresh or dried, some rice, much red pepper, and every kind of vegetable that can be had. Neatly prepared it is a palatable food, but it is rarely thus cooked. I have eaten it myself, in a strait, prepared in their dirty way. But these children pitch into it like pigs in a trough, fighting for places, till the last scrap in the pot is gone. Their other meal, in the morning, is a plantain, or a little roll of bread, with a little muddy coffee. Other food they pick up in bits, where they can find it.

As they have no moral training they seem to have no ideas of right and wrong, but seem to have as their rule "get all you can, and keep what you get." They are inveterate liars and thieves. They will lie when one would suppose it for their advantage to speak the truth, and they will steal even what is of no use to them. They are taught to steal skillfully. They stole my hens by digging a hole under the fence and sprinkling a little rice to tempt the hens to go through. My teakettle was stolen off the stove, the morning's marketing before it was cooked, vegetables from the garden, food cooking on the stove, any and every thing left unwatched. Call them thieves and they will be enraged; prove them thieves, and they laugh in your face. A native brought home my wash, but a shirt was missing. He argued and tried to prove that my count was wrong. Yet he had on a clean shirt (probably for the first time in his life), doubtless my own. Stealing and lying seemed natural as breathing.

A merchant told me that these habits were the results of intercourse with Americans (he could lie as well as the rest), for before they came, natives had taken millions of dollars in silver across the Isthmus to Porta Bella, and never stole a dolalr. But of what use to these naked men would be bars of silver weighing a hundred pounds each? He never knew the time that he would trust these honest natives near his hen roost.

No idea of right and wrong enters the child's mind His mother steals and lies, and why not he. He is taught to steal skillfully and lie brazenly, and he feels no shame for either. They do not steal so much from each other because they dare not, but foreigners seem sent by Providence to be their special prey, and they pride themselves on their skill in deceiving and defrauding them. Rough

and reckless men among the passengers often wronged these natives with violent deeds, but they had great provocation. In those days people of the lower and upper stories alike felt it their privilege to treat foreigners as hawks treat chickens.

Among the people of the lower stories there are few great criminals, for they lack needful courage and energy, but it is as unsafe to trust them as it is to walk over quicksands. Yet if their affection is won it is safe to trust them, but not otherwise.

FOOCHOW.

J. E. Walker.

Foochow lies between Hongkong and Shanghai, and is a sort of side show to the globe trotter, awkward to get at. Steamers run from Hongkong to Foochow; other steamers run from Foochow to Shanghai. But Hongkong and Shanghai are rivals at Foochow; and Hongkong steamers and Shanghai steamers do not pull together.

Mission work was begun at Foochow by the American Board, January 2, 1847, while the American Methodists North and the English Church Missionary Society soon followed. Mission work had begun at Amoy some time before this; and the work from both these centers was more successful than the average. They have not received the attention from home that has been accorded the work at Peking or on the Yangtse; but Fookien soon became the banner province of China for the number of converts; and Foochow is a great educational center. At Shanghai is a concern known as The Commercial Press, devoted to the propagation of Western ideas, sciences and learning. Some of its books are translations, many of them are original. It is a successful business venture; but Chinese Christian men have a large share in it. At Shanghai in 1907 I was told that two thirds of its sales were in this side show Province of Fookien.

In 1900 the Empress Dowager commanded that orders be sent to all parts of China to extirpate the foreigner; and this was entrusted to two high officials who were from Foochow. But these men, knowing the folly of such an order, dared to change it to "protect the foreigner." As soon as this was discovered, they were summarily executed; but with the turn of affairs high post-humous honors were bestowed upon them. Yet being only from Foochow, their splendid heroism was not blazoned abroad.

The Chinese Recorder for July, 1912, has an article by Rev. J. T. Proctor, D.D., entitled, "A General Educational Board for the Orient"; and in it he compares the government schools and the mission schools. He truly says: "The relation between these two systems of schools is most instructive. Numerically the government system already has such a lead that competition is evidently impossible. But in quality of work it is believed that the government system can not overtake the mission schools in less than a generation. Beyond question the mission schools have furnished the model for the government schools. Educational commissioners sent abroad were unable to find, or suggest, a more satisfactory model, or one more adapted to China's needs. Again, the text books worked out by the mission schools in their more than sixty years' experience have been generally adopted by the government schools." In the matter of teachers this writer points out that the graduates of our mission schools are eagerly sought for by the government schools; and he thus sums up: "Thus it may be seen the mission schools have furnished to the government schools their model, a very large percentage of their text books, and a goodly proportion of their teachers. At one time the Government gave out that graduates of mission schools would not receive official recognition. But a missionary remarked to a pupil: "Pharaoh had to have Joseph, Nebuchadnezzar had to have Daniel, and the Emperor will have to have you." The Emperor is gone; but the need for the graduates of our schools is greater than ever.

This year at Foochow the three missions have united in one Theological Seminary, have begun union work in a Medical School, and as soon as possible will have a union Kindergarten Training School. A Union University is now being planned for and urged forward with good prospects of success. But it is an undertaking that dwarfs the others, and requires more men and means than are now in sight.

Just now the American Board missionaries have been discussing the problem of suitable teachers for our mission day schools. We have been able to do "pretty tolerable well like"; but among the Chinese the teaching of day schools is a lower grade of work resorted to by scholars who fail to pass the examinations. We have been able to do but little toward the specific work of training up efficient teachers; other branches of work take up too much of our time and strength. We take what comes and do the best we can with it. Yet Teacher's Institutes, or monthly meetings, with careful supervision, have accomplished a great deal. The Methodist Mission have a good Normal School; but with more men and more means it might do more and better work. It is hoped that here also union will accomplish much, and train up men who will attain to this.

A Uunion Hymn Book for the three misisons has been under way now for two years; only everybody is too busy to push it ahead as it ought to be pushed.

Since the Revolution a successful work has been going on among the Manchus in Foochow. Under the Imperial Government they were restrained from hearing the gospel; but the Revolution which cut off their stipend also freed them from this restraint. They were put under strict surveillance, but were otherwise let alone. The Manchu quarter of the city is not far from our Foochow College, the buildings of which were struck several times by stray bullets. After order had been restored, Miss E. S. Hartwell and Miss Martha Wiley started religious services among the Manchus, and found them very willing hearers. Soon an industrial school for them was added where large numbers came to learn some trade. They are very grateful; and many of them have come to know their Savior and their Father in heaven, confessing that this more than compensates for the loss of their stipend. Miss Wiley was born in Washington, is a graduate of Whitman College and a member of the North Yakima Congregational Church. This past year she has had with her Miss Pepoon of Whitman College, who has been spending a year's furlough in Foochow, and has rendered valuable service to the Foochow College.

This past winter and spring have seen the carrying out of a wonderful enterprise along the banks of the lower Yangtse and some of its tributaries where occurred the terrible floods of last year. Under the superintendence of Civil Engineer Jameson of the Red Cross Society, assisted by sixty missionaries and many of their trained Chinese workers, 120,000 famine refugees have been culled out and employed in constructing and repairing levees, dykes and

canals in the flooded districts. Over $1,000,000 have been expended and about 500,000 persons have been rescued from starvation. Of course where famine relief was the first thing aimed at and engineering works were a secondary consideration the highest degree of efficiency and economy could not be maintained; and yet a sober estimate gives 65 cents worth of permanent work accomplished for each dollar expended, while the refugees, instead of being pauperized, will have before their eyes permanent public improvements which their labor constructed. It is also to be hoped that the work which was so well begun will still be carried on as a government enterprise. The sixty missionaries who have rendered such valuable help in this matter were most of them located in the Szechuan Province, had to leave there tempororily because of the Revolution, and so have put in their time in famine relief work.

Foochow, China, July 26, 1912.

Among the Churches.

The Bay Association meets with the Church at Niles next Tuesday.

The First Congregational Church of Oakland has changed the hour for its Sunday-school from 12:30 to 9:45.

Next Monday the Rev. Herbert A. Jump will speak at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity on "Story Telling as a Mode of Preaching."

A California pastor, in a town of about 2,500 population, who receives a salary of $1,200 and has the use of a parsonage, says that though his family is small he has difficulty in getting along on that.

President Blaisdell of Pomona College was a visitor in Berkeley over Sunday. He was returning from a trip in the Northwest, in quest of new members for the faculty of the college which is to be considerably enlarged this year.

The Rev. David Peebles, a retired Congregational minister for many years, and a veteran of the civil war, is an inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Westgate in Los Angeles county, where he expects to spend the remainder of his years.

The Rev. and Mrs. E. L. Walz have ended their summer sojourn in the mountains of Colorado and are now in New York City, where Mr. Walz will devote several months to study in Columbia University, and to sociological investigations in the great American metropolis.

Burglars have taken another pick at the Rev. C. L. Mears of Alameda. About a year ago several hundred dollars' worth of silverware were taken from his home one afternoon; and one night last week a gold watch, which was given him by Reno parishioners, was taken.

It was ascertained recently that more than 400 members of the First Congregational Church of Oakland did not contribute systematically either by pew-rent or on the weekly envelop plan to the support of the church. The recently appointed financial secretary is working to remedy this.

Mrs. J. H. Williams of Redlands is in attendance at the meeting of the board of directors of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific, in session on Tuesday of this week. Mrs. Hoge of Portland is here as a representative of the Oregon Branch, and Mrs. R. S. Osgood of Seattle of the Washington branch.

The Rev. Arthur B. Patten of the First Congregational Church of Sacramento has as Sunday evening topics for September the following: Union Labor and the Union Label, California Day and California Democracy, Socialism and Syndicalism Defined, Socialism and Industrial Democracy Described, and the last evening of the month is "Choir Night Concert."

Professor Arthur C. McGiffert of Union Theological Seminary, will give a series of lectures on the Earle Foundation, Pacific Theological Seminary, beginning on Tuesday evening, September the 10th. Other dates will be September 12, 13, 17, 19 and 20. Subjects: Nature and the Supernatural, The Immanence of God, Modern Ethical Theism, The Character of God, Religious Authority, The Person and Work of Christ.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer of Plymouh Church, Oakland, is giving a series of Sunday evening sermons on "Books Worth While." Last Sunday being Labor Sunday he took "A Living Wage" by Father Ryan of St. Paul. Others are: September 8—"The Promised Land," by Mary Antin. The autobiography of a Russian Jewish immigrant girl. September 15—"The Montessori Method," by Dr. Montessori. A new insight into the souls of little children. September 22—"The Reappearing," by Charles Morice. A vision of the return of Christ to Paris. September 29—"The Modern Man's Religion," by Charles R. Brown.

Russian Baptists are being colonized near Del Mar in Sonoma county, about fourteen miles south of Point Arena, where 5,000 acres of land have been purchased, and each family is apportioned a part thereof according to its needs. About a hundred are already there, among them some aged men and women, and several hundred more will come in the near future. One reason for their coming is the lack of religious freedom in Russia, and the lack of almost every kind of freedom. They are said to be practical farmers, accustomed to intensive farming and to the raising of a great quantity of the products of the soil on a few acres.

The Rev. Griffith Griffiths has been a good and faithful worker for Congregationalism and the Church kingdom in the Market Street field in Oakland. When the new building was about to be finished it was ascertained that something like fifteen hundred dollars was needed after every seemingly available dollar had been added to the fund received from the sale of the old property. Desiring to turn over to his successor a finished edifice without debt, Mr. Griffiths worked on until enough was in hand to assure this. It didn't seem possible, but success crowned the effort. And because of this and yet many other reasons Mr. Griffiths will be remembered long time in that parish.

The conference for Sunday-school Workers which was held in the First Congregational Church of Oakland last week was a marked success. There was a large attendance from San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda, and the following named places were represented: Pacific Grove, Saratoga, San Mateo, Santa Rosa, Sonoma, Suisun,

Martinez, Angels Camp, Decoto, Petaluma, Fresno, Grass Valley and Oakley. The largest attendance was 800, on Sunday afternoon; the smallest was 190 Saturday afternoon. Compared with the very small attendance at all sessions a year ago there is evident reason for satisfaction. The program was a helpful one, and the interest was keen throughout. Results already apparent in teacher training, for which two new classes are already announced, and efforts for increased efficiency.

THE SANTA CRUZ CHURCH BIDS FAREWELL TO THE REV. J. B. ORR.

Wednesday evening of last week there was a large gathering of Santa Cruz people at the Congregational church for a farewell to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Orr. There were many words of appreciation from people in all walks and works of life, both for the pastor and his wife, and a substantial purse was presented Mr. Orr.

The Santa Cruz Sentinel sketches Mr. Orr's life in that city as follows:

"Mr. Orr. occupied the Congregational pulpit from 1898 to 1900, when he resigned. He returned here for his second pastorate January 1st, 1907, to again leave the local church August 31st, 1912. His resignations in each case were accepted only after inducements were made him to stay, and they were declined. The desire of the local church seems now to have him return here again sometime in the future for a third pastorate. He believes, however, that at present he has a call that should be accepted, one which will tax his strength the more, and where the need of his services is greater, the former Market St. Church of Oakland.

"During his pastorate here Mr. Orr introduced into the life of the church open lectures and travel-talks, at which only free will offerings were asked, the desire being to offer education and inspiration to the public in general along all worthy lines under conditions that no man was too poor to accept. Often the edifice was crowded and people were unable to find standing room. He led the church to secure a lot near Morrissey Ave., at the corner of Grant and Harrison Sts., on which is now a chapel and a successful Sunday school.

"He frequently exchanged lectures with other ministers, thereby bringing eminent divines to the church at small expense. By a similar plan be brought Reuben Henry Sink of Stockton, who lectured each evening for a week with stereopticon views; and Arthur B. Patten, of Sacramento, who delivered for ten evenings instructive, interesting and inspiring addresses.

"The first year of the present pastorate the pastor received 69 new members on confession of faith, and 40 by letter from other churches, a total of 109; in 1908 there were added 63 members; in 1909, 44; in 1910, 31; in 1911, 36; and this year, 20.

"Mr. Orr's new parish will afford splendid opportunity for evangelistic effort, for while his sermons are on nature, poetry, history and daily events, the gospel message is always present. If some people, judging from his subjects, thought he did not preach the gospel, it was because they did not hear him."

Why should any one grope in darkness when the sun has risen?

CALIFORNIA.

Berkeley, First.—Nine persons were welcomed into fellowship last Sunday, uniting with the church by letter.

San Rafael.—The Rev. C. C. Champlin of San Francisco has been called to the pastorate and will enter on the work at once.

Oakland, Fourth.—A call has been extended to the Rev. Alfred Kennedy, a graduate of Pacific Theological Seminary, and for some time pastor of the Methodist Church at Santa Clara.

Woodland.—C. M. Streeter resumed his work September 1st, after a vacation of three months spent in New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Colorado. He reports an enjoyable summer and returns to his church much stronger after his delightful visit and rest. Except the vacation time, the pulpit was supplied during his absence through the recommendation of Superintendent L. D. Rathbone.

Los Angeles, First.—At the morning services Dr. Wm. Horace Day has been giving a series of sermons on the Prayers of Jesus that have been a revelation of the nature and character of Jesus Christ. The last three Sundays have been given to Jesus' High Priestly Prayer in the 17th chapter of John, divided as follows: Aug. 11, Jesus' Prayer for Himself; Aug. 18, Jesus' Prayer for His Disciples; Aug. 25, Jesus Prayer for the Church. On that Sunday the secretaries and boards of directors of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. were present, according to Dr. Day's custom of having an Association Sunday once a year; and his sermon showed "How Jesus' Prayer for the church was answered. Dr. Day has also conducted a series of Sunday evening services with the Bible in motion pictures. The subjects of the motion pictures and his sermons were as follows: Aug. 11, Stories of the Deluge, and Belshazzar; sermon, "The Reign of Law." Aug. 18, Incidents from Infancy and Early Manhood of Moses; sermon, "How God made a Great Lawyer." Aug. 25, Incidents ffrom Ex. 5:10; 12:51, and Ex. 14:1-17; 15;sermon, "Morn, Lawyer-Labor Leader." Incidents from Num. 13 and Deut. 34. Scripture lesson John 4:1-26; sermon "A Woman' Question." These services were all marked by a devotional spirit. At the close of each one a good number remained for conversion with Dr. Day. Before each service, from 7 to 7:15 p. m., Dr. Day led a united service for intercession with the Y. P. and Senior C. E. Societies, and the evening service committeemen. At the mid-week evening services also special prayer was offered for those who had remained the previous Sunday evening.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle, Pilgrim.—The Rev. Dr. Edward Lincoln Smith preached his farewell sermon last Sunday. He leaves this week for New York to enter on the American Board secretaryship.

Seattle, Fauntleroy.—The new church building was formally opened for worship last Sunday. The Rev. E. T. Dunstan gave the dedicatory sermon. The Rev. Samuel Green led in the act of dedication, and the Rev. C. R. Gale gave the dedicatory prayer. The cost of the structure was $1,500.

Two half-hearted efforts never equal a whole-hearted one.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

Rev. R. L. Ludlam, a Baptsit minister, has accepted a call and begun work at Lamont and Bruce.

Rev. Clayton Judy, a United Brethren minister of Spokane, has accepted a call and begun work at Kellogg, Ida.

Mr. E. Goudge of Salem, Ore., is serving the Mullan & Burke, Idaho, churches.

Rev. W. E. Hunt, of Medical Lake, Washington, has resigned to take effect the first of November. He is also the chaplain of the state asylum.

Rev. W. C. Fowler, formerly of Genesee, Ida., has begun work as pastor of the Chatteroy, Wn., church.

The new $10,000 church at Colfax, Wash., will be dedicated early in September

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Through a misunderstanding of the facts, I was led to make an erroneous statement in my last letter to the Pacific in reference to the action of he Board of Trustees in relieving President Ferrin from the "internal government of the institution." While that is true, for the time being, the reason should have been stated. That is this: it is very necessary that a vigorous campaign for funds be made to provide for a small deficit now existing, and to add $200,000 to the endowment fund, in order that the interest upon the amount may swell the available funds to a point which will provide for the present and future growth of the College, and at the same time keep out of debt. At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees a financial campaign was authorized, as suggested, and hence "the internal government of the University has been placed in the hands of a committee of the faculty, in order that President Ferrin, by reason of his thirty-five years' connection with the school, may devote his entire time and attention to the financial campaign now begun.

Forty thousand dollars has been pledged by James J. Hill through the efforts of President Ferrin, upon condition that a remainder shall be raised on or before May 1, 1914. With over two hundred alumni, now living, a number of whom have prospered exceedingly, and all of whom are able to assist to some degree, it would seem as if they would do something substantial for the institution that has done so much for them.

The Atkinson Memorial Church has secured a new pastor in the person of Rev. F. W. Gorman, who will preach today for the first time.

Rev. Luther R. Dyott, of the First Church, has returned to the city from his vacation, and will occupy his pulpit today.

A notable event in the history of Portland churches occlurred during the week past by the uniting of the Taylor Street Methodist Church (the first church in this city, organized in 1848), and the Grace Methodist Church, in one organic body. After many conferences the question was finally settled and the details of the union agreed upon by both congregatoins. Each body owns some valuable business property, particularly the Taylor Street Church, and it is expected that a great church edifice will be erected at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars which will embody a number of institutional functions which have been found to work well in the upbuilding of moral influences in a community.

Portland, September 1, 1912.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

Twenty-fifth Anniversary in Connection with the Annual Meeting.

Thursday, September 19, 10 a. m., 1:30 p. m.

Accepting a most cordial invitation, we are to meet at North Berkeley Congregational Church, corner Oxford and Cedar streets. At terminus of Telegraph, Grove and Key Route cars transfer to car marked North and West Berkeley. Let us have large delegations from all our churches. Please plan to come on time, and stay till the close of the afternoon session. Action will be taken upon proposed changes in the constitution, which were presented at the June meeting. Mrs. J. C. Luckey, Coast Vice-President of the Woman's Home Missionary Federation, will be our guest. Also one of the officers of the Southern California Union. Addresses by Rev. Herbert Atchison Jump and Rev. Robert Walker.

Be sure to come, help us to celebrate, and to plan for the future. MARY M. BELL, Secretary.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Publishing Company of the Pacific will be held on Monday, September 16th, at 10 a. m. in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, Cal., for the election of directors for the ensuing year and such other business as may come before it.

WALTER FREAR, Sec.

The Home.

"KEEP MY MEMORY GREEN."

Lord, keep my memory green!
Whatever intervene,
How rough so o'er life's voyage may prove to me,
I would not lose remembrance of the good,
Nor shrink from thoughts of ill long since withstood—
Lord, keep my memory green!

Lord, keep my memory green,—
The boisterous and serene,
That which hath caused a tear or forced a smile,
Let both their true reality impart,
And fix their record deeply in my heart,—
Lord, keep my memory green!

Lord, keep my memory green
Through life's conflicting scene!
But should the hand of Time obliterate
Naught from my mind, and some chance pages blot,
Let friends and benefits be ne'er forgot,—
Lord, keep my memory green!

DO NOT TELL ALL YOU KNOW.

It is to be regretted that among the dozen and one necessary things which the modern girl is taught, some deep thinking person has not added to the list that most necessary thing for a girl to learn—the art of silence.

It should be taught in every school and every home, for the absolute frankness of the modern girl is shocking. No emotion is so sacred that she will not analyze and discuss it; no family eccentricity so queer that she will not drag it forth for the delectation of her immediate clique of

friends; no fact so private or so important that she will not throw it to the winds.

It seems to be the established fashion nowadays to discuss everything, even one's own mother, with the most startling frankness. So universal is this habit that one looks in vain for a girl who has the nice distinction to be silent on certain subjects, and if by chance and much seeking a girl is found who refuses to share her heart secrets with every fleeting friend she is considered positively queer.

But it is a queerness that more girls should possess. Silence is a tremendous power in this day of talkative women. Beside, it is infinitely nicer to have some depths which every passing acquaintance has not sounded. The girl who confides to you the story of her past flirtations and the secret hope her heart is set upon the second day of your acquaintance will soon bore you, if she does not actually disgust you.

There is no subject in the world that cannot be discussed with propriety with the right person and under the right conditions. But few girls seem to possess the eye of discrimination for these two facts. On the contrary, they frequently seem rather to pride themselves on discussing the wrong subject with the wrong person.

Their indiscriminate and unashamed confidences sometimes make the fastidious woman shudder. No woman can hold her fascination who discloses all her secrets. In every heart there are things that are better not dragged forth; fine and feeble impulses which shrivel and wither when exposed to the mocking or indifferent eye of even one's dearest chum; and when handed around the circle of one's acquaintances they become indeed a sorry sight.

The girl who appreciates the power of silence is not necessarily deceptive or secretive, two words the flavor of which no right thinking girl likes, but is merely displaying a proper self-respect, and protecting herself from future embarrassment that so many indiscreet talkers experience.

Nearly every woman at some time has been plunged in regret over the midnight confidences which she has indiscreetly indulged in. There is no denying that there is a witchery about the hair-brushing hour that leads straight to indiscretion.

It seems then as if all one's heart secrets rise to one's lips and cry to be told, and if one's own secrets are not sufficiently thrilling, alas! for the secrets of one's friends, for they are inevitably poured forth.

Girls should be trained to a nice discrimination about the things that they may tell. Witty, amusing absurdities, which have no touch of malice, are delicious when told; a bitter experience, which points a lesson to the person who sorely needs it, may be occasionally recounted with regret; but the dragging forth of ugly and unpleasant experiences, and the maudlin recounting of sentimental episodes, the rehashing and rebuilding, for they are always added to in the telling of misunderstandings between mutual friends, cannot be too strongly condemned.

Summer time is the time for visiting in the lives of most girls. And it is when visiting that the art of silence proves a girl's best friend. Don't unburden your soul, and incidentally your indiscretions, to the girl who is a week-end guest at the same house with you and happens to sleep in the same room with you.

The girl who knows the value of silence has nearly always a charming personality. She holds your interest, she makes you want to know her better. But the girl who pours upon you all the baubles of her treasure-house on first acquaintance will soon find herself by way of being a bore.

The power of silence is one of the most alluring qualities a girl can possess in the eyes of men. Not the silence of stupidity or dullness, nor the silence of shyness, but the well-poised silence of the woman who knows when and how to be silent attractively.—Globe-Democrat.

AT THE DOOR.

I thought myself indeed secure,
So fast the door, so firm the lock;
But lo! the toddling came to lure
My parent ears with timorous knock.

My heart were stone could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea—
That timorous, baby knocking and
"Please let me in—it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in eternity,
I, like a truant child, shall wait
The glories of a life to be
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?

And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead,
"'Tis I! O Father; only I?"

—Eugene Field.

IMPORTED BRIDES

"No more Orientals of the laboring class are coming to Hawaii, and a good many of our white citizens who cultivate sugar estates are sorry that the faithful Chinese are barred under the law," says W. P. Harcourt, a sugar planter of the island of Kauai, one of the Hawaiian group. "They are our best workers, and before the exclusion policy was applied, we could count on a certain regular influx or brawny Mongolians to toil in the cane fields.

"The Chinese now in Hawaii have been there for many years, and most of them are getting to be old men. Not many of the Chinese have wives, but in former days not a few of them became the husbands of the native Kanaka women. It was a good cross, was this half-breed progeny, and so likewise the offspring of the Japanese and native women. In recent times, however, the Japs have been in the habit of sending back to their own land for wives. In most cases I think the self-elected bridegrooms get their parents back in the Flowery Kingdom to pick out wives for them.

"The matter is finally arranged through the Japanese consul, the man in the case putting up money for the passage of his intended spouse. The hour that she lands must also be the wedding hour, for the authorities will not allow the fair ones to remain unless claimed and formally mated according to some civil or religious ceremony that both parties consider binding.

"Every now and then a wireless message comes to my plantation which tells one of my young Japanese hired men that

he may expect on the arrival of the next ship at Honolulu the girl who has been picked out as his wife. I do not think that in many cases the principals have ever laid eyes on each other. On the receipt of the message, the man gets permission to go to claim his wife, and pretty soon the pair are domesticated on the estate, and my understanding is they get on as happily as if they had known each other from infancy and been wedded in the conventional way of the Caucasians.

"Not long ago a ship from Yokohama arrived with forty or fifty so-called picture brides. Every one of them had been chosen through photographs forwarded to Hawaii sme time in advance of the arrival of the originals. Occasionally there is a pathetic case, as when not long ago a very pretty young Japanese maid was forced to take the next ship returning to her old home. Inspection showed that she had trachoma, and the rigid rule that ordered her deportation could not be waived."

Our Young People

HOW FAIRY BELL WAS FOUND OUT.

Fairy Bell was a very proud little fairy. She would sit by hours at the brookside, gazing at her sweet face, and every dewdrop she passed she turned into a mirror and used it as her own.

But Fairy Bell loved most of all to powder her hair with the pollen of the blossoms. Her mother was much opposed to this, not only because she considered it a very foolish habit for a little girl fairy to powder her hair, but also because she thought it very wrong to steal the pollen from the flowers.

One day when Mamma Fairy had gone off for a long distance to show a little humming bird a place where she might build her nest, Fairy Bell said, "Now I will powder my hair all I wish. Then I will go calling on all my friends, and by the time mamma returns the powder will have been all shaken from my hair, and she will know nothing about it."

So Fairy Bell visited every blossom in the field. And, I am sorry to say she robbed very many of them of their precious pollen. The fairies who act as policemen to the flowers must have been off guard, else they would have captured the naughty child.

Fairy Bell used so much powder upon her hair that she appeared more like a flower herself than like a fairy. She made her round of calls, yet enjoyed them very little for she knew that she had been doing wrong. She reached home long before her mother did: and the powder had all been shaken from her hair just as she had anticipated.

Now Mamma Fairy returned home the very way that Fairy Bell had chosen. It was twilight, yet she could see something glistening all along the way. "That must be gold dust," she thought. She stooped to see. Ah, no, it was not gold dust: it was the golden pollen that some poor blossom had lost.

Mamma Fairy continued to see the pollen all the way home. In fact, it formed an illumined path and, strange to say, it led straight to the great hollow oak in which was her home.

"This looks very suspicious," said mamma, as she was telling Fairy Bell of the strange path of pollen, which had lighted her home. "Can it be, my daughter, that you have been robbing the blossoms of their pollen and powdering your hair with it?"

Fairy Bell was obliged to confess that she had. Then she told her mother all that had passed during the day.

"I am very sorry," replied Mamma Fairy, "and I shall punish you for your misdemeanor. As I passed the bee colony this morning, the queen bee came to the door to tell me that she should send me a large quantity of her best honey tomorrow, and I think that the greatest punishment I can inflict upon you is to forbid you having a single taste of that honey."

Fairy Bell made no reply, although she was very fond on honey. She felt that her punishment was just.—Alice May Douglas.

A LESSON IN CONTENTMENT—IN PARABLE FORM.

One beautiful day early in spring, when all nature was busy, and the maple trees seemed especially so, a little thread of a rootlet that had for almost a week been pumping moisture from the ground began to complain to his brother near by. "What pleasure am I ever to have in life? Hid by the earth above, I shall never see the beauty of the world. I have been told by the passing sap that everything over us is very beautiful; that the life we help along is a tree that lifts its form high in the air and sunshine, and that soon there will unfold upon its thousand branches a million leaves, beautiful and green, and all they will have to do is to wave in the breeze and shield the song-birds from harm. I would love to be a leaf that sees and hears so much of the world's beauty—but instead I am buried away in the soil to work night and day. Alas! alas!"

"My little one," answered the other, "I am older than you, and have learned to be patient, and so will you if you do not die of complaining. I could tell you some things that would make you contented with your lot, but will let you find them out for yourself. Now, be patient, and you will be glad you are a little rootlet buried in the dark, damp ground."

But still the little one complained, while high up in the air above the leaves "clapped their hands" in the breeze and sang all day with the birds. It was, indeed, a happy existence, and when the autumn came and painted each leaf a yellow or scarlet it seemed that their glory and happiness were complete. But one cold day, after a drizzling rain and a gust of wind had stalked by, these same leaves became sad, and one by one and in great clouds they fell away, fluttered to the earth like birds with broken wings, and died upon the cold, cold ground. And the life-giving fluid came creeping sadly through the roots again, and the little rootlet whispered: "Tell me, are the leaves happy above?"

"Ah, no," answered the messenger, "they are dead. The limbs are all stark and frozen; the leaves are fallen, and now lie buried under the snow."

And the little rootlet gave thanks that he was as he was. He had a warm bed; the beetle and the angleworm told him news from above—he had no need of other company. And then he lived from year to year, and grew larger all the time. Yes, he was happy and contented as his elder brother said he would be.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

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THE SHORT CAMPING TRIP

By Annie Louise Berray

Bert and Horace wanted to go camping. They had said so at least a dozen times a day since their arrival at grandfather's farm for the long summer vacation. Grandfather laughed at them, and asked if they would like to take his gun and go up in the mountains to hunt bear, but one day grandmother said:

"I don't wonder the boys feel as they do. I always wanted to go camping when I was a little girl. I don't see any reason, father, why you couldn't put a tent down under the apple-tree by the brook. The boys could take Fido with them for a protection."

"Why, of course I will, if they really want to go," grandfather answered as soon as he found that grandmother meant it.

The boys were delighted and divided their time between watching grandfather put up the tent, and lingering around the kitchen, where grandmother was making cookies and biscuits. She packed them in a large basket and put in several red-cheeked apples and some doughnuts.

"I guess there's enough to last you two days, if not longer," she remarked, as she spread a white napkin over the top of the basket before she put the cover on.

You cannot imagine two happier boys than Bert and Horace, when they started off bright and early the next morning.

"We'll be back day after to-morrow, I think," Bert called out, as they started along the path that led through the orchard. "We'll not come back before that time because we want to make it seem as if we were a long way off."

"All right," laughed grandmother, "be sure you cover up warm to night and let me know if you need another blanket—oh, excuse me, I forgot you would be too far away to let me know. Good by."

The house seemed very lonesome after the boys had gone. At dinner-time they wondered how the campers were enjoying their first meal in camp.

"Are you sure that tent will be warm enough for them?" grandmother asked anxiously.

The afternoon was unusually quiet, with no small boys and no dog about the place. Grandmother and grandfather both sighed as they sat down to their lonely supper.

"Dearie me," began grandmother, "I never should have urged their going if I had realized how much we would miss them."

She had hardly finished before she heard the sound of a dog barking joyously.

"Why, there's Fido," she cried, "can anything have happened—why—and here are the boys," she went on, as her two grandsons appeared in the doorway.

Bert and Horace looked at each other and laughed. They gave their grandmother the empty basket.

"We ate everything up," announced Horace, "so we thought we might as well come home."

"Ate everything there was in that basket!" gasped grandmother.

Bert and Horace nodded. "It was terribly good, too," added Bert. "You don't know how hungry it makes you to go camping."—Sunday School Times.

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